

Mondo New York

Visual rape

by les

Mondo New York is not only a poem to its city but a sardonic statement on the human condition. It is a collage of images documenting the artistic freedom and creativity of performance art and the unique environment that houses and nurtures it. It is a film that shows how we are free spirits constantly expressing our sexual libido regardless of superficial attributes, ability, and orientation; we are human beings, animals of instinct, desire, frailty, and many surfaces. *Mondo New York* is a poem that will assault you with biting words and images that are frequently difficult to accept, a discourse that will get inside you and await regurgitation.

If you spend time at an art gallery, you will stop at each exhibit, visually

examine, assess, comment, and either remember or dismiss that offering of expression. *Mondo New York's* strong linear structure lends itself to a similar activity, offering as a guide an untainted teenage girl who functions essentially as the neutral unifying element in the film. As a young woman she lacks any identity, never speaks, and (strange as it may seem, yet true to patriarchal order) looks on with a scopophilic male gaze as New York's lace undergarments are ripped off to expose bare skin. As such, the film is visual rape—violent, sadistic, assualting, degrading, and humiliating. Authentic animal sacrifice, descriptive sadistic and masochistic eroticism, and pathetic slave-woman auctions may be rituals for some, but I find them hard to digest.

Mondo New York does have its redeeming qualities. Lydia Lunch's priceless prologue in which she demands, among other things, her "15 minutes," sets us up for what soon unfolds. Karen Finley screams about greed and her frustration with the Easter Bunny and pastel colours, using her body to further indict the disturbed era we live in. Joey Arias, my favourite transvestite (and yours too honey), does a wonderful song-and-dance dressed as a mermaid from Hell. With the Rivington/Chrystie sculpture garden as backdrop, Joey prances about his junk castle with that enchantment-under-the-sea-esque finesse which is so hard to come by these days. Luckily, Ann Magnuson's moving interpretation of Julie Andrews in *The Sound of Music* follows with similar spirit.

The best is the last sequence—Dean Johnson and the Weenies with their classically hip rendition of "Fuck You". Dean, bald, ten feet tall and about 100 pounds, sporting a smart ensemble typi-

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Thin Blue Line

Shattering the myth of justice

by Ryan Morey

Here is a story with a totally perverse conclusion.

—
Erroll Morris.

An innocent man is absurdly sentenced to the electric chair for no discernible reason other than he was at the wrong place at the wrong time. This is not a Kafkaesque episode from *The Twilight Zone*. This is much scarier. This is reality.

The system convicts and sentences a man, not because the truth has proven him guilty but for the sake of convenience, careers and greed. He is convicted to satisfy society's arbitrary and simplistic ideas of revenge and justice—a sacrificial lamb, a virgin to appease the fire gods.

These are the very real horrors that drove Erroll Morris to make the investigative documentary *The Thin Blue Line*. The film is Morris' attempt to bring the American judicial system to justice. Faced with a failed process which has convicted an innocent and set a murderer free, Morris applied his

considerable filmmaking and investigating talents to conduct his own case and trial on film.

In the early 80's then-private investigator and part-time filmmaker Erroll Morris was researching the background for a film called *Dr. Death*, based on a Dallas psychiatrist whose courtroom testimonies were instrumental in sending many convicts to death row. It was then that Morris stumbled on the case of David Harris, who was convicted of murdering a Dallas police officer in 1977. Struck by the many inconsistencies and obvious lack of substantial evidence, Morris was inspired to probe deeper, in an attempt to satisfy his own curiosity over what actually transpired.

The result is a film which combines candid interviews, stylistic reenactments, old film noir clips, striking iconography, and a Philip Glass soundtrack to create a gripping narrative that ultimately destroys the myths of justice and legal process.

The most obvious and most dumbfounding curiosity in the police's investigation was the immediate continued on page 3

fyng
t h e
superficial
accessory
barbie bimbo of
the 80s, is too cool.

Mondo New York glories in its tastelessness, bearing the warning that "this film contains scenes of extreme decadence". Use your discretion, but it is worth seeing this tour through the most brutal byways of 'artistic' exploration in the Big City, in the twilight of the decade.

Mondo New York runs sporadically at the Rialto for the next while.

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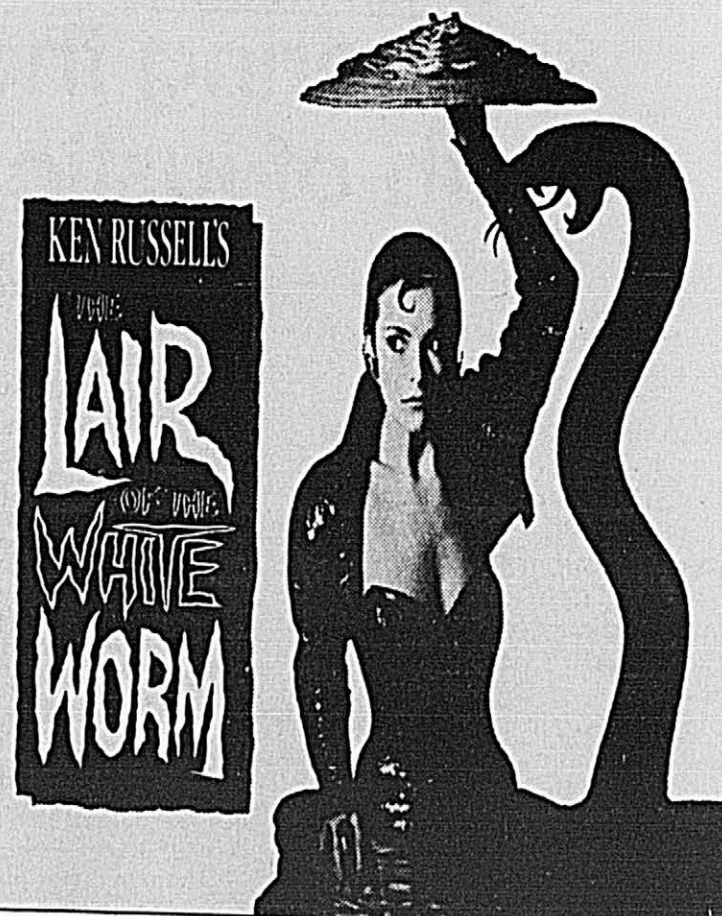
— Peter Travers, PEOPLE

"...buoyant, mischievous
...slyly tongue in cheek."

— Janet Maslin, THE NEW YORK TIMES

"Ken Russell finds his true
level in this cheerfully absurd,
intermittently psychedelic, and
often very funny vampire flick."

— J. Hoberman, THE VILLAGE VOICE



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...Thin Blue Line fights for more justice

continued from page 1
dismissal of sixteen year old David Harris, who had stolen the car and gun involved in the murder and already had a lengthy criminal record, in favour of embarking on the distended process of convicting Randall Adams. Adams had no motive and no prior history of crime or violence. However, along with Harris being all too glad to turn State's witness, Adams had one qualification which made him an attractive candidate for indictment—he was old enough to be sent to the electric chair.

If the revelation that the legal system has failed is nothing new, and if the cinematic innovations are not impressive enough on their own, the film is truly fascinating in terms of the freedom of information Morris achieves in presenting the "truth". He seems to have accessed all legal channels and conducted detailed interviews with everyone involved, save the well-known prosecuting attorney.

In keeping with his recreation of the legal process,

Morris effectively becomes both defending and prosecuting attorneys, appropriating their techniques in the way he presents each interview to the audience/jury. In fact even David Harris, a convicted murderer at the time of the interviews, is more sympathetic than most of the officials involved in the case. The true villain to emerge in Morris' proceedings is the district court judge Don Metcalf. Faced with the possibility of a retrial due to purged testimony, his only reaction is in terms of how it might reflect on his career. To assume that Metcalf was involved in a conspiracy to convict Adams regardless of the evidence is to be kind. The only other conclusion would be that he was an idiot, possessing the objective judicial capacities of a small garden variety shrub.

If there is one central theme to *The Thin Blue Line*, it is the schism between reality and perception. Adams' story vividly illustrates how truly precarious are our understanding and our place

within society's institutions, and how it only takes a little misfortune to turn it all around. Reality itself is a thin line.

The tragic and simple conclusion is that the legal establishment needed to point a hangman's finger at someone in the name of preserving the "thin blue line," the imaginary authoritarian boundary which "divides society and anarchy". David Adams was simply the most suitable candidate—the victim of a tragic fate. To drive the point home, Adams' sentence was mysteriously commuted from the death penalty to life imprisonment, annulling a Supreme Court decision to allow a new trial.

thing on the wall. This is the way I work."

Others play up the spectacle aspect of the gathering. Painter Bruce Roberts postulates, "Secretly every artist wants to do a performance. You're like a rock star. You're in front of thousands of people. They're all cheering you on, every single one of them. And yet, at the same time, it's like having a big huge hole in the back of your pants and walking down the street. You're a little open, a little obvious, a little too clear sometimes. It's a jolly good time and you get a free shot of beer after it's all over."

Peinture en Direct also gives the artists exposure and a chance to sell their works. Michel Pedneault, a well-known Montréal painter and Peinture en Direct veteran explains, "It's helped me a lot to sell work. Even if it's not work made in Direct, people come to my atelier."

Not all the participants are as positive about the business aspect of the event. One Direct newcomer expressed concern that only regulars at Peinture en Direct fetch good prices for their works and the rookies have to bring their buyers with them.

The bidding starts at \$20 and for some of the more well-

The Thin Blue Line is an attempt to close the gap between film and reality, and find on celluloid a justice that has escaped reality. Errol Morris elevates the role of the artist from social critic to intervening force. In this capacity he has been successful since, as of last week, the Adams case has been reopened due to the controversy raised by this film. What takes *The Thin Blue Line* beyond others of its genre is that it is not simply documenting the events after the fact—it is shaping them.

The Thin Blue Line opens Friday at Le Rialto, 5723 Parc, and runs till the end of November.

Mushy June and Jim

Jim: A Life with AIDS
June Callwood
Lester & Orpen Dennys

This year, the World Health Organization predicted that by 1991, a hundred million people across the world would be infected with the virus for Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome. June Callwood's new book is a biography of the longest-surviving Canadian with the disease, James St. James.

Callwood's biography is written with her characteristic over-sentimentality, cramming everything into the realm of tears, hugs and forgiveness. The 'love is all you need' philosophy makes for moments of feel-good reading separated by long hauls of 'I'm gonna throw up', interspersed with indignation and disgust.

But perhaps that's unavoidable here. The fairly narrow-ranging circle of people most affected by AIDS, homosexuals and intravenous drug users, has long been ostracized by the rest of the population and their experiences are simply unreal for introspective heterosexuals. The majority will refuse to take an interest in James St. James.

Yet St. James' life is also characterized by his desperate attempts to reconcile his homosexuality with his Jehovah's Witness beliefs, which do not recognize non-traditional relationships. His biography is as much about the moral majority, and its treatment of his community, as about himself.

Callwood's research for *Jim* included tape recordings he made soon after being diagnosed with HIV, which is believed responsible for AIDS, so it's a fairly detailed, and one would suppose, very accurate account of the past four years of his life. Personal thoughts and incidents are included, and conversations are reconstructed with a touch of melodrama for effect. These details, along with highlights of certain stereotypical periods in St. James' life, give the book a hint of poorly-written fiction. This ac-

continued on page 8

Peinture en direct: art for the undead

by Julie Loktev

This year's fifth anniversary of Montréal's favourite den of iniquity, Les Foufounes Electriques, also marks the anniversary of Peinture en Direct. As Francois Yougourde, creator of this artistic forum, explains, "One day, I didn't know what to do with all my painter friends so I invented this event and it was a big success and we had a lot of fun."

Since then, once a month (and always on a Sunday), Foufounes swarms with artists, art buyers, and just curious oglers. Some come for the challenge, some for the art, some just for fun. All come for the show.

Peinture en Direct forces artists to produce work within a limited time frame. The artists bring all their materials to the bar and paint, sculpt, or perform for one hour in front of a live audience (at the last show, a woman wandered around in a plastic corset that exposed one breast, reading to random listeners). At the end of the hour, the works are auctioned off to the public (the breast was not for sale).

Although the concept of an artists-at-work gathering was not original, the Peinture en Direct phenomenon originated

here at Foufounes. Current organizer Patrycja Walton explains, "If it's happening anywhere else in the world it's a cause de the veterans here at Foufounes. Electriques... Foufounes is responsible for whatever is happening in New York because there's a veteran group of twelve to fifteen painters and they have actually gone to New York and started it there. Plus, they have also gone to Belgium and turned the Belgians and the people in France on to it." Montréal is the only Canadian city that now hosts these events, at Foufounes and at small offshoots around the city.

Approximately twenty artists work at each event. They participate for a variety of reasons—the challenge of the time limit, the exposure, the live performance, the free beer. Painter Susan Veroff enjoys the stress of churning out a piece in one hour. "It makes you feel like you really have no choice. You can't think about things. You just have to do it. It's a very spontaneous way of working."

Some artists ignore the public and concentrate on the performance. Christian Dion says the idea is "to shut yourself in your own head as if you were in a public toilet and graffiti some-

thing on the wall. This is the way I work."

Others play up the spectacle aspect of the gathering. Painter Bruce Roberts postulates, "Secretly every artist wants to do a performance. You're like a rock star. You're in front of thousands of people. They're all cheering you on, every single one of them. And yet, at the same time, it's like having a big huge hole in the back of your pants and walking down the street. You're a little open, a little obvious, a little too clear sometimes. It's a jolly good time and you get a free shot of beer after it's all over."

Peinture en Direct also gives the artists exposure and a chance to sell their works. Michel Pedneault, a well-known Montréal painter and Peinture en Direct veteran explains, "It's helped me a lot to sell work. Even if it's not work made in Direct, people come to my atelier."

Not all the participants are as positive about the business aspect of the event. One Direct newcomer expressed concern that only regulars at Peinture en Direct fetch good prices for their works and the rookies have to bring their buyers with them.

The bidding starts at \$20 and for some of the more well-

known artists, such as Pedneault, goes to over \$200. Most of the works, however, go for between \$40 and \$100, all but 15 percent of which goes to the artist.

With the low prices, many people buy art for the first time at Peinture en Direct. According to organizer Patrycja Walton, "They (the public) are able to purchase paintings, sculpture, whatever it happens to be for a minimal price and they are able to start a collection very cheaply, if cheap is a good word."

A vaudeville, a market, an artistic forum, a beer bash, Peinture en Direct is many things to many people. Born and bred in Montréal, the gathering plays a unique (and very fun) role in the city's artistic community.

Next time you're about to buy the Renoir poster that everyone including your cousin's sister-in-law's aunt has, save the money and go support your local up-and-coming, hot and jamming artists. There may be politically incorrect aspects to paying someone \$40 to \$100 for one hour's work simply because it's 'ART' but if you're going to blow it on a Renoir poster anyway, you might as well get some fresh paint for your money. At least these people aren't dead.

by Julie Loktev

I declare this week official "Grow to Love Your Butthole Week."

Face it, you have one and you use it. The butthole serves an irreplaceable bodily function and yet, it is the constant butt (ho ho) of all our jokes and insults. It is the one part of the body we refuse to accept.

Allen Ginsberg has gone a long way towards butthole acceptance by writing a charming ditty about his butthole and how happy he is that it is still in fine shape for farting and fucking.

The Butthole Surfers, who performed at FOUFOUNES last Friday, have helped immeasurably in popularizing the use of the word—at least by campus radio disc jockeys.

And New York performance artist Karen Finley has also done her share in the butthole acceptance campaign. Faced with apparently false media accusations that she shoved canned yams up her butt at a performance, Finley told *Research*, "People really have this fear of the butthole. They're fascinated with what people can put up their buttholes, or what not to. I never did, but even if I did—who cares."

Finley, who will be performing at FOUFOUNES this Tuesday, specializes in dispelling cultural myths, and not just about the butthole. You may have seen her in *Mondo New York* smearing her half-naked body with egg-soaked toy bunnies, covering herself with glitter, and screeching in a high-pitched voice, "And nothing happened." Or perhaps you have heard tracks of her last album *The Truth is Hard to Swallow* with lyrics such as, "Hi my name is Gus/ I drive a big school bus/ I have smelly pits/ I like to suck tits/ Hi my name is Gus/ How does it feel to be a gringo?/ Well you're big, fat, and real, real white/ You rape countries with all your might/ How does it feel to be a gringo?"

Finley claims her work is not about sexuality, but about power. Yet there is an acutely sexual tinge to almost everything she does. She was once arrested in her native city, San Francisco, for "performing" at a JC Penney window by pressing her breasts into the glass window, stuffing bananas in her mouth, and straddling a motorcycle, naked.

Finley's intention is not simply to shock. Rather, by hitting the nail right where it hurts, she makes popular myths obvious to the point of ridicule.

Always concerned with gender roles, Finley would like to dispell the myth of penis envy. She asserts that in fact the problem is womb envy—woman envy.

And then there is the butthole, our friendly neighbourhood phobia. No, Karen Finley will probably not be stuffing yams up her butt this Tuesday at FOUFOUNES, but she will quite likely show some butthairs or at least speak of the butthole in the respectful manner the trusty organ deserves and that's good enough for "Grow to Love Your Butthole Week."

Love your butthole



Cocteau Twins
Blue Bell Knoll
Review by Rev. Owen Smith

Ever since the Cocteau Twins first appeared on vinyl, they've executed a gradual and textural progression from the abrasive guitar-pop of *Garlands* to the lush, near-'ambient' sound of *The Moon and the Melodies*. Their latest album, however, is a departure from this pattern, as it tends towards more commercial goals. It is also by far their weakest effort to date. For an album that was two years in the making, it sounds surprisingly as if it was just churned out in a single weekend. There is barely a single memorable or challenging melody on the entire record. The weak instrumentation causes most of the songs to mark almost desperately on the trademark nonsense-lyric vocals to pull them through, but this almost never

The itchy glowbo blow

works. Even the best tracks—such as the title cut, "the itchy glowbo blow," and "spooning good singing gum"—not only have silly names, but also seem mediocre at best compared to even the weakest cuts from any of their previous albums.

As in the uneven *Treasure*, the big problem with *Blue Bell Knoll* lies in its attempt to be commercially acceptable. The structures of these songs call to mind such things as Heart ballads, unreleased out-takes from the Cocteau's *Aikea-Guinea* ep, or even the less boppy material from Madonna's catalogue. On top of this, the amazing production values that made their *Tiny Dynamite/Echoes in a Shallow Bay* double ep set and *Victorialand* lp among my favourite albums of the last five years are largely absent, despite the fact that, as on all of their other albums, this one is self-produced. Thus, the repetitive har-

monies and melodies that are notic on the previous merely tedious here, and with a thin, muzak-like veneer.

Overall (if you haven't caught my tone), I'm ve pointed that a band with such efforts behind them would such a half-assed assortment of songs. Sure, they're all very sounding and inoffensive, they're also unforgivably unimaginative. Perhaps when you realize that these people have done much better a mediocre album, this one seems that much worse. Their tendencies towards selling have become really depressing. (Finally, if anyone's still interested in hearing this album and judging themselves, my copy's in perfect condition and for sale at a very reasonable price. Oh poor, disappointed m

Gigli

by Mani Haghighi

Stepping out of the performance of *The Gigli Concert*, which had its American premiere this month, an audience more puzzled by emotions than overwhelmed.

Scene One: Miserable. A messy office. J.P.W. King, a 'dyn love. A disconnected fast: the usual white of the knife again of the jam jar and drops of Gordon's V spair, depression and chic state of poverty.

Scene Two: Same (always). Enter an "Irish Man" who w Beniamino Gigli, the Enter, hence, a longi sible. Its source, the meat." It becomes cl the ever-flexible m focus of concern.

Thus ensues a session between the lighted by abrupt a pleasant past rem dominated by a cons the unclear future. J terminated to make th rich Irish man vibrat as beautifully as th tenor and redefine th bility.

But the laws of pr limitations of imp amongst the last l prints God has left mind, yet to be wipe

i's brain is (only) meat

the theatre after a Thomas Murphy's which has its North at the Centaur. The audience finds itself in unexpected ques- tioned by strong

ble, frosty morn- that reeks. Enter dynamotologist' in phone. Break- bread, the clack- against the emptiness the last precious vodka. Enter de- and a no-longer-

time, same place elegant, nameless ants to sing like the Italian tenor. ng for the impos- e brain, is "only ear that the mind, nd, will be the

semi-therapeutic two men, high- attacks of the un- membered, and instant concern for P.W. King is de- his conveniently his vocal chords use of the Italian e laws of proba-

probability and the probability are ingering finger- on the human d away by his al-

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neer. t already ry disap- ach great offer us t of dull Y nice- e, but ngand you're- one so n like e, but t out

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legedly evolving intellect. For the Irish Man, these religious trappings present themselves in the form of a predictable set of recurring patterns: every other year he is overwhelmed by a great desire to shatter the shell of social mores he finds himself trapped inside. He mistreats his wife, burns his son's toys, and finally, unable to cope with the proportions of the new world that he had always hoped for, lights a cigar and forgets it all.

On the other hand, J.P.W. King is preparing himself to face that world. When he learns that his mistress, the source of all he sees as 'ludicrous optimism', is being eaten up by cancer, he realizes how little time he has left to achieve the 'knowledge' he has been striving for. People, he insists, can either "drown in earthly despair" awaiting the Kingdom of God or dare to "fuck the original sin" and live a life exempt from all improbability. For King, the latter is the inescapable solution.

A paradoxical juxtaposition results: as the Irish man's pattern of despair arrives at its annual peak, the dynamotologist develops his own impossible wish. He listens to scratched recordings of Gigli's arias on replay, again and again (putting into practice Nietzsche's notion of eternal return). Finally, he is the one who manages to sing like Gigli.

Thomas Murphy is not the first modern playwright to tackle questions of philosophy so directly. Tom Stoppard achieved it to critical acclaim in his *Jumpers* almost a decade ago. Murphy, however, goes beyond

name-dropping and metaphor-stretching to look for answers outside Stoppard's hogwash of absurdity. It is difficult to say whether or not he succeeds.

The success of this production, on the other hand, is more a matter of course than one of question. The trio of actors present performances close to perfection. Simon Webb's portrayal of J.P.W. King is particularly outstanding, partly due to Murphy's exceptional success in shaping that character. Centaur Artistic Director Maurice Podbrey as the nameless Irish Man has his moments of excellence, as in a disturbing monologue about the character's childhood. And Kathleen McAuliffe as Mona, King's mistress, though effectively a minor character, dominates the entire theatre by giving her speech about her disease an incredibly reserved objectivity that comes as a relief given the scene's potential for unbearable melodrama.

In short, any reservations one might have about the success of Murphy's text is quickly counter-balanced by the actors' interpretation of it. That alone should make a visit to the Centaur this month an irresistible temptation.

The Gigli Concert runs at the Centaur until December 18. The theatre is located at 453 St. Francois-Xavier, Metro Place d'Armes. Box office—288-3161.

O,

you go to Detour, at least have the decency to buy 10 beer at five minutes to eleven, before happy hour ends.

Amazing thespian feats are happening in our very own backyard this week—well, that is, two plays are being presented on campus. The *Gingerbread Lady*, by Neil Simon is contemporary, complete with social misfits, jilted romance, and the kind of jokes you laugh at in realizing the situation's happened to you before. At Morrice Hall by the McGill Drama Department. For a completely different time frame, two Greek productions (no, dammit, I don't mean frat-crawl) by McGill Players' Theatre, third floor Union. Both are one-acts, *Philoctetes* (a tragedy) and *Cyclops* (a comedy). They're both on till Saturday, at... you know.

And on other theatrical fronts, there's the usual but never routine Theatresports troupe performing improvised comedy in the Alley, 22h. It doesn't cost anything and what's more I hear that the audience will be forming an ad-hoc collective to consense on the improvisational process. Real p.c.

Artsies unite! Grab your black turtle-neck, your beatnick sunglasses,



LISTINGS

CLOCK

(your bank card for fast cash) and head to Bistro Duluth for a poetry reading by Robert Allen and Anne MacLean. Sponsored by Scrivener.

A *Bout de Soufflé*, the original *Breathless* at FDA at 10h by the McGill Film society.

Band Scene time. My fave—they play after eight. *Roots Party* with *Hollywood Mufflers* at Fougounes. I'm not sure, but I think you can get in with *Beaver Canoe* as well. At Station 10, *The Drones* and the *Campbells*. Supposedly punk. And *The Action*, at Rising Sun. If you were hip enough to read this before 12h30, rush to lunch at the Alley for Celtic fun with *Orealis*.

Friday the 18—*Anoosh* is at Gert's. According to their press release, they're "a mixture of Middle-Eastern and pop-rock-funk" Like, somewhere between Ravi Shankar and Rick James—I get it. Risk-free, straightforward Ska at Fougounes with the *Vegetables* and *Me, Mom, & Morgenthaler*.

MFS presents *The Name or the Rose*, Lea 132, and *The Gingerbread Lady* and *Philoctetes* and *Cyclops* continue. At Station 10, *Silent Knowledge* play "Party Rock Covers". I gotta stop reading promotion kits. Their descriptions are annoying as hell.

Saturday, the 19—Things are slowing down already. The plays are still on, but if you've already gone (as you should have), what to do? Suddenly, out of your reserve of hidden grammar school heroes... it's Luke Skywalker to the rescue! First ten through the door get permanent earmuffs or hair glued to the sides of their head and a set of Obi Wan Kenobi tupperware products. (Extremely useful for locking in freshness.) *Star Wars* at Lea 132.

At the Rialto, you can see the two films we reviewed this week in one night. *Thin Blue Line* at 19h30 and 21h30, and *Mondo New York* at 23h30.

Sunday the 20—*Têtes des Vaches*—two cow heads blend jazz and classical music, then scrap it all in a whirl of atonal anarchy. At Fougounes.

Tuesday the 21—Skipped a day, d'ja notice? *Sleeping Signature*, synth and guitar at Poodles. Reactor speed metal (ie. yuk in my book) at Station 10. At Fougounes, Karen Finley, and no yams this time. *Shock Poetry*... article enclosed.

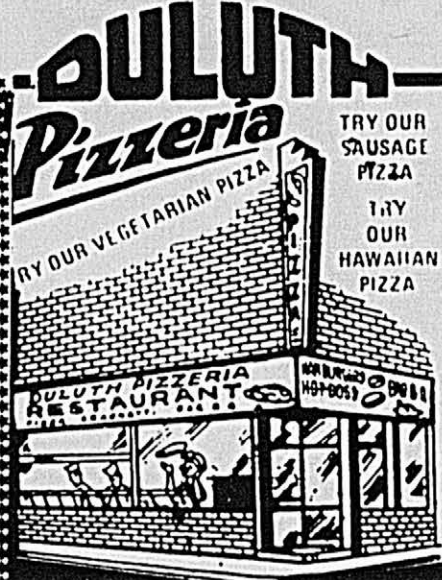
Wednesday the 22—At Fougounes, Art Core grraafzine party with Lizard and Hazy Azure. *Paraddisio Blues Band* at Station 10. *Condition* at Café Campus. This group is very interesting. They're not weird or anything, just one of those acquired tastes. They're sorta 40s, but put in modern terms. I was gonna make a neat analogy, but I can't think of any 40s groups names. But hey, it's okay, you were probably getting sick of my jokes, anyway.

EIGHT

by Egg

After typing 20h in about 20 times, I've come to the conclusion that ABSOLUTELY EVERYTHING... or close enough.... begins at eight p.m., I'm staging a protest against this mundane schedule by refusing to print the time of such events. If all publications join in solidarity, perhaps the hour between 19h and 21h (shhh—don't say it!) will cease to exist. Mebbe.

Thursday, the 17 — Before you rush out to Detour and other such rewarding excitements, consider enlightening yourself on one of two serious issues. On *Indian Land* is a video about the Wet' suewt' en' Land Claim Struggle in North West British Columbia. A discussion will follow. 18h30-21h at 3715 Peel. It's Cult Awareness week! Tonight, *Deceived*, a revealing documentary about Jonestown at Lea 132 at 20h. Then if



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EVENTS

McGill Writers' Guild: Prose Workshop. Anyone welcome. Arts Bldg. Room 350 at 18h00.

History Film Series: Presents 'The Deer Hunter' with an introduction by Prof. Randall. of the History Department. All welcome. Political Science Students' Lounge, 4th floor Leacock at 19h30.

New McGill Reading Series: Poets Robert Allen and Anne MacLean at Le Bistro Duluth, 121 Duluth Est. Presented by Scrivener. For more info (like the time) call 287-9096.

Archaeology Speakers Series: Dept. of Anthropology presents Dr. James Wright, Archaeological Survey of Canada, speaking on "Prehistory and Ethnicity". Leacock 720 from 16h30 to 18h00.

Hillel Social Action for Refugees Committee: New Members Night. 17h30, 3460 Stanley. For informational chit-chat, call 849-5709.



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McGill students: \$3.00 per day; \$7.00 for 3 consecutive days. McGill Faculty and Staff: \$4.00 per day; \$2.00 per day for more than 3 consecutive days. All others: \$4.50 per day. There is a 25 word limit. There will be a charge of 25¢ for each word over the limit. Boxed ads are available at \$4.00 per ad per day - no discounts on boxing. **EXACT CHANGE ONLY PLEASE.**

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Photographer needs attractive female models for nude photo studies attractive rates. Call Ken at 683-7881 after 7pm, weekdays.

Dental patients needed. American-graduated dentist taking his Canadian National Board Exam on Dec. 19, 20, 21. For free dental screening/exam, interested volunteers please call Dr. Hai at 738-6831.

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370 LOST AND FOUND

Found in Rutherford Physics Building. Book: A History of the Sciences. Contact Marc: 845-3584.

Lost thick silver, necklace. Extreme sentimental value. Reward! Please call 284-5477.

FOUND!! - One McGill jacket. Call 284-6149 for return.

FOUND!!!!!! - C.G. Andrew's WALLET! Call 848-0801.

Lost: Your Sanity? The Smash Bash is Back! all you can drink for 7 bucks at Sigma Chi, 3581 University 8:00 p.m. on Thursday Nov. 17th.

Lost: a burgundy pencilcase; in the McLennan library. If found please call: Annette, 489-0146.

374 - PERSONAL

Need information? Feeling lonely? Just want to chat? Then call McGill Nightline! We are students talking to students. 398-6246, 7 days a week, 6 p.m. to 3 a.m. Anonymous and confidential.

Gays and Lesbians of McGill offer a peer counselling service, Monday through Wednesday, from 7:00 pm to 10:00 pm. 398-6822. It's a chance to talk.

Frosty says...

"If there are superior beings out there, then we can only expect them to treat us as we treat the 'lower' life-forms here on Earth. Think about it, livestock."



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385 - NOTICES

ANIMAL RIGHTS! A new group called META - McGill for the Ethical Treatment of Animals is looking for members. Call Steve at 272-5064.

Support group for Lesbian and Gay McGill students forming November 18. Membership and discussion confidential. For more

information call Brian 933-0494 or Larry 931-4473.

Come as you were: Used costume party Friday Nov. 18, 9pm, \$2.00. Medical Annex, 3708 Peel Psychology Students Association. Prizes for best Costumes.

American Thanksgiving Dinner in the Alley Nov. 24th - 6pm. \$4 members, \$6 non-members. Reservations by Nov. 21st - Pay at the door. Turkey and all the trimmings! 848-9680 or 289-9541 for reservations.

"Can We Talk?" If you have something to say and no one to say it to, phone McGill Nightline... 398-6246.

FOR RENT - Condo in Puerto Vallarta, Villa Del Mar - Delux resort. Dec. 24-31 and/or Dec. 31 - Jan. 7/89. Sleeps four \$600/week. 844-7355.

George Bush is a space alien! Now that I have your attention, Pugwash will hold a coffee-house on Wednesday, Nov. 30. Anyone wishing to play a musical instrument, sing, or do anything remotely entertaining should phone Priya at 939-0388.

387 VOLUNTEERS

Men and Women needed for a study on testosterone, attention and sexual behaviour. We pay 10\$, 20\$. Please call 398-6145 for further information.

I'm preparing a Master Thesis (in sociology) on attempted suicide. If you have attempted suicide, I need to hear about your experience(s). Strictly confidential. Telephone Josée: 845-2060.

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... June and Jim's journey

continued from page 3

tually strengthens its impact, because the reader knows it's not make-believe.

The events of the past few years warp that hint of fiction into absolute surrealism. Only St. James has survived four years with AIDS—his friends, mainly other AIDS patients, die off in a steady stream and he

becomes intimate with the only funeral home in Toronto which would deal with AIDS victims at the time.

The moral of this lifestory, if one were to be imposed upon it, is that if you have AIDS, everything is against you. St. James was disfavoured by his church, which means other Jehovah's Witnesses are compelled to dis-

regard him as though he were dead. Even members of his immediate family reject him.

St. James' hospital experiences show a more or less brute-force approach, including massive chemotherapy and interferon, as well as callous treatment by frightened employees. At times, St. James' life seems to be a study in preserving life for its own sake. Yet the debilitating procedures were often followed by periods of rejuvenation and relative recovery.

While the book offers a unique perspective on AIDS, several elements could have been changed to improve the quality. St. James' life is fascinating at times, but any life condensed into 300 pages would be. Callwood could have presented a more realistic, gripping and sympathetic viewpoint had she chosen to biograph an AIDS patient who was not already well-known for his or her longevity, who didn't receive extensive financial support from her or his family, and who perhaps didn't survive the disease. For most of those afflicted, AIDS is not about starting self-help groups and living four years—it's gruesome death and sometimes a matter of being forced out of the closet into poverty.

Jim: A Life with AIDS is, at least, an important contribution for anybody hoping to better understand AIDS. It brings statistics to life, and although Callwood's style is plagued by easily-ridiculed mushiness, it may at least serve to heighten awareness on an individual level.

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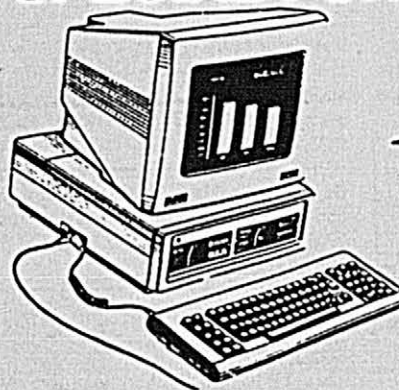
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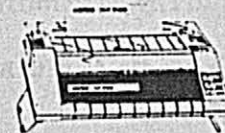
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Yvonne Bayer, Tamsin Douglas
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features editor Susana Bejar, Zeb Brown

Contributors
Mani Haghighi, Ryan Morey, Leslie Elliot, Julia
Loktev, Owen Smith, Heather MacKay, Rob
Macfarlane, no Schmuck this time

Editorial offices: 3480 McTavish, room B-03,
Montréal, Québec, H3A 1X9, telephone (514)
398-6784/85 Business Manager: Kim
Penney, room B-17, telephone (514) 398-6791
Advertising Managers: Caroline Elie, Boris
Shedov, room B-17, telephone (514) 398-6790
Advertising Layout and Design: Mike
Sportza

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